

Plato's Tripartite

Protest the Hero

I forgot to thank you for the blood you shed,
And your obligatory contribution to the community.
Are you just dense or so fuckin' inbred
You think that all is forgiven and all is forgotten?
But forgive them of nothing, despite their impunity. Oh how the system fails you completely
When monstrous children get treated so sweetly.
The violence is praised, the decision cemented
(they seem like nice kids).
Crimes go committed, but never lamented
(that doesn't change what they did). That's when they lock up an innocent victim.
The only thing that's more broken than her spirit is the system.
They lock up femininity, infected with the illusion that choice is free. You made your bed when you were born
in your bones,
So lay back, sweetheart, in a body you only sometimes own.
Lay back upon cold concrete floors and rest your drunken soul.
What more could a lady ask for than to be treated like a hole? Oh how the system fails you completely
When monstrous children get treated so sweetly.
Standing before you in suit and tie,
Don't they just look so nice? (So nice)
Well-practiced tears come to their eyes,
"I guess their remorse will suffice." (Will suffice) That's when they lock up,
That's when they lock up your bones,
That's when they lock up,
Femininity infected with the illusion that choice, choice is Freedom is delicate, cracking under abject catastrophe.
Stronger than his prison bars are the bars around her memory.
[x2] It's irrelevant, her relation to me.
No one is innocent if they go free.
No one is innocent if they go free.
When we hand raise the beast, and the beast runs wild,
We must speak of our own involvement in the rape of a child. It's irrelevant, her relation to me.
No one is innocent if they go free.
No one is innocent if they go free.
That's when they lock up,
That's when they lock up your bones,
That's when they lock up,
Femininity infected with the illusion that choice, choice is

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>